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BOOKS FOR PRINTING
Executed with neatness and despatch.

FEETRY.

From the U. S. Magazine and Democratic Review.
THE WORTH OF WOMEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn covered ways;
Roses of paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Counts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within,
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stuns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile,
To cease from his toil and rest a while;
Whispering wooingly—come to my bowers—
Go not in search of the phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!
Happiness dwells in the temples of Home.

Man with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or rage,
Action, action—still his plan.
Now creating—now destroying;
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;
Ever seeking; never enjoying;
Still to be; but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart;
Far richer than man with his treasures of Art,
And wiser by far in her circle confined,
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself succumbing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp, that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sun-shine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominion
Terror is the ruling word—
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exalts, and pity blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul,
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the Passions is hushed for a while;
And discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HISTORY OF PEROUROU,

OR

THE BELLOW-MENDER.

Supposed to be related by himself.

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

CONCLUDED.

One morning—it was the eighth after our arrival in the village—I awakened, after having passed a happy night soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received for me. The handwriting of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they, "and after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just we should remember friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class among which you were born; and, we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all our embarrassment; without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burdensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora; and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns, to carry our plans into execution. You have

not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M—, a notary well known in our city; who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father, and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Aurora; we have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I, joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished; I shall be able to provide for Aurora." The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself—"Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, pleads in your favor; and induces me to inform you that, at the moment you receive this letter, I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honorable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victims, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Aurora; to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband; the next, I felt most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved. The project, also, was impracticable! Aurora had already departed several hours; I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked hither on foot; I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure, I interrogated severely the Cure and his niece with respect to their knowledge of my wife's escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were, as I have since discovered, the primary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded on me when I reached Lyons. Where begin my researches? How come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father in the first transports of his indignation against a criminal seducer of his daughter? How could I wander from one convent to another, without the risk of being suspected, from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon, where I might be plunged for having acted so abominable apart? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my engraving friends, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general conversation of Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels; to forbear inquiries, alike dangerous & useless; and to take measures for improving my fortune, too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers in Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations which, if it had not succeeded, would have placed me where I had set out; but which, by splendid success, increased more than three fold my capital.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public admiration. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address, on her part, in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the back ground; while my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted, peremptorily, that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends; and everything threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The vags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the court with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested agard to escort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence, that the tears of the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, &

which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction; when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history, in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honored me. He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice—"No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender—but nature destines you to become the mother of his child! Listen to the powerful cry of your infant yet unborn; and then say, if you desire to become free, while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy!" "No, No!" exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No! No!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name; alleging, also, that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorize the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; and in junction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail, more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent; crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial; during the decision of which, I was little at my ease. Obligated to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to hide among the crowd—no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavored to laugh with the rest, but was horribly ashamed to find, that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora, were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population, I could more easily escape observation; and also where I could employ my capital to the most advantage. There, the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was during five years the favorite of fortune; and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking houses of that great city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons, with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were this time borrowed. Fortune had so successfully labored for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognized me; you may therefore imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial, which had interested the city of Lyons five years before—and terminated my question by cursorily inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family? I learned her father had lately died; that losses, on the one hand, and ostentation on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed, that Aurora, at his decease, found herself almost without resource, and in some measure dependent on the benevolence of the Abbess of the convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that although whenever Aurora appeared she was still the object of general applause, she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamored of Aurora, the ardor of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved, had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favor of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom. The image of

Aurora—of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored—again occupied every thought of my soul—again throbbed in every pulse—I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth, which she should refuse to share. I felt, that she was necessary to my existence; and my child—was I never to fold him in my arms?—never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life?—Never to know those parental transports which though I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite! I could bear these cruel reflections no longer; I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my order, assembled her father's creditors, and discharged all his debts, purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture, to which long habit had associated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora—this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora, was a man generally esteemed. It struck me that I might choose him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue. I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhone. I requested an interview in the most solitary walks of his grounds; and, having obtained his promise of most inviolable secrecy—"You have hitherto," said I, "seen in your friend, a merchant who, still young, owes to his talents, and his probity an affluent and honorable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived my mistress; let me no longer impose on my friend. You have spoken to me of Aurora, in a manner the most favorable; you know the half of her history; hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance."—At this unexpected declaration, my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read on his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind. "I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study; the generosity of my employers, and fortune have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public; you will be the mediator of your friend with Aurora, I shall owe my happiness to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honors me with a certain degree of friendship; it is not late; we are near Lyons; let us order horses, and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora, herself, the points which to you at present so embarrassing." I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I burnt with impatience to gaze on Aurora and my child!

The Merchant was announced at the convent under his real name; and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris. We were admitted. Ah! what a picture presented itself to my view. Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable Abbess. A lovely child slept on her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honored with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house at Paris, those circumstances together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations; spoke of my speedy departure for Paris; mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital; and requested to know if the Abbess had any orders with which to honor me. While this conversation passed, the infant awoke; and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both, with a kind of hesitation, he advanced towards me.—Oh! my friend, represent to yourself my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child!—An emotion which I had no power to subdue, made me eagerly seize him in my arms; & throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife—"Aurora!—Aurora!" I exclaimed; "your child, your child, claims from you a father!—will you suffer affection forever to be vanquished by pride?" While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by emotion, Aurora quivered; seemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes, alternately on me and her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his father. At length, a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face; the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine—"Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed. Aurora's only answer was, to throw herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully—Aurora is yours."—She pressed me against her palpitating heart; we were unable, for a long time, to speak. Our uncontrollable emotion, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, and the place itself, everything served to add to our delirium.

"My children," said the Abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, "you have both performed your duty! Monsieur is too much affected to be a knave; Aurora has too

much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue! These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensations. I related my history in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feelings of my remorse. I failed not to remark, with transport, that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine while I spoke of my projects of tenderness! though she testified neither pleasure or pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. "That part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts; and my attention to her feelings, in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy."

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a fete. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated; and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word, which involuntarily escaped Aurora, discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name; and, twenty-four hours after I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity; I found myself beloved by her who was the object of all my tenderness!

One happy year had elapsed, when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkled with joy—"My friend," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons." "No objection!" "This very morning I am going to set off with my son—I want to teach him how a son ought to do his father the honors of his house."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned when I found Aurora under arms: she was still in all the splendor of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than accustomed elegance. Dinner was announced: and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the Graces. Guess who were the guests she had assembled? My ten engravers themselves! My first friends, the authors of my fortunes, of my marriage. No! I cannot paint my emotions?—During the repast, the gaiety of Aurora animated all her guests with delight and admiration. After the desert she led us to an apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, drew a curtain which concealed two pictures finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "O Enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself. The first picture represented the village scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written—"Love conquered by pride." The second picture represented the scene of the present day. My ten friends at table; Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written,—"Pride conquered by Love."

Here, Sir, finishes my history; at least my adventures. My present happiness I can better feel than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his godfather the engraver whose hand she refused. This inestimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me, that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is singular in this affair is, that my son is of the same opinion.

THE OLD ADAGE REVERSED.—During a late trial in London, it appeared that the old saying "there is honor among thieves," was set at naught in a laughable manner by a gang of villains. Two of the gang employed a third to get possession of twenty thousand dollars worth of gold dust which they had scented out, and which was to be landed in London on a certain day. The member thus employed, got the property with little difficulty; but after sagaciously securing it, he thought himself to cheat his accomplices out of their share. He therefore took it to a noted Jew, known as "Money Moses," and offered him a quarter of it, if he would melt it into bars, to keep the whole of it, instead of returning the three-fourths to the thief. He therefore gave the bars to his daughter, Alice Abrahams, who kept several infamous houses for a livelihood, for her to secret them, while he would tell the thief he had been robbed of the gold. Having got rid of his customer in this way, he demanded of Alice the restoration of the gold, when she denied ever having received any gold from her father. It was, however, found in her possession; and by the testimony of the fellow who first got possession of it, all the parties, except himself (Queen's evidence) were sent to Botany Bay.

At a sale of Stocks last week, at an auction in Boston, \$400 of the bills of the 'Middle Inter-est Bank' sold for 92 cents on the dollar.

"Jim how does the theometer stand to-day?" "Ours stands on the mantle-piece, right again the plasterin!"

ple tree, and then shake the fruit down into

it. ¹⁰⁰ Hallowell, Sept. 12, 1839.

